

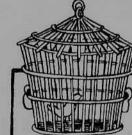


Julia Sanderson—who dances and sings and chatters her way through most every minute of every act in a way that is bringing her more popularity votes at each performance.



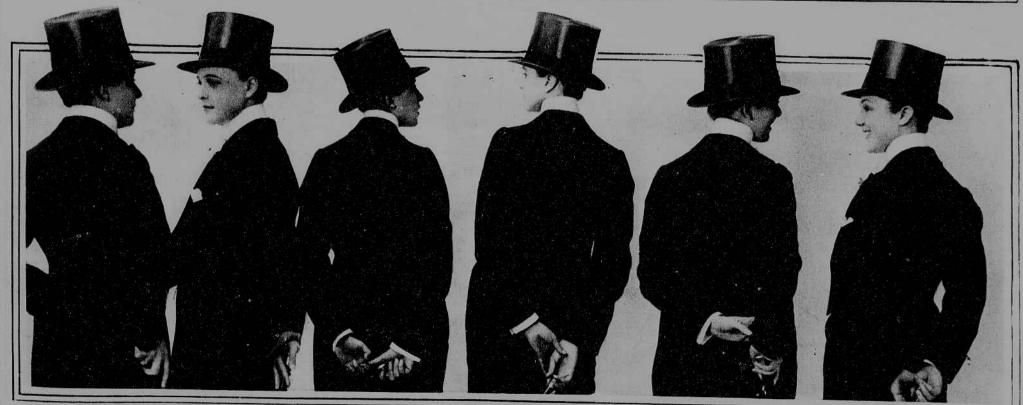
Everybody loves a bridesmaid, particularly when they come in such modern baker's dozen lots as the above. It takes a stage wedding and a mock one at that to corral such a platoon of supergood lookers as these. (Insert right)—Julia Sanderson herself, even prettier than ever. (Insert left)—Joseph Cawthorn, sans his red wig and his contagious smile. Julia and Joe are not the whole show by a whole lot, but they do collect the greatest share of the justly deserved applause.

On the left—Doyle and Dixon, the dancing duo whose feet are their fortune. We can never decide which of these agile acrobats is our favorite, since it always is the one we happen to be looking at. Their Burglar Dance in Trimmer's Antique Shop almost makes you envy second story men.



On the right—Elsie Gordon, who is 50 per cent of that clever dancing team, Gordon and Thomas. One of the many reasons why it looks as though "The Canary" would remain caged at the Globe till well into the summer.





Who says that clothes don't make the man? Boiled shirts, silk kellies and conventional black almost successfully camouflage these stage door johnnies, but no sextette of the less deadly of the species could ever trip the light fantastic with the same grace.